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FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1910.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

It is the easiest thing in the world to
speculate on the future of Theodore
Roosevelt, politically, while he is out of
reach.

He has loomed large as an available
candidate for mayor of Greater New
York.

He has been nominated for governor of
the Empire State by Tim Woodruff.

He has become involved in a long-range
plot to undo and overthrow the man who, above
all others, he deemed best fitted to carry
into execution the constructive and re-
formatory work so vigorously begun—
William Howard Taft.

And now, capping the climax of all
these speculative absurdities, we are
suddenly informed that the whole pro-
gramme has, in a twinkling, undergone
a change, and that what Theodore Ro-
osevelt really proposes to do upon his return
is to be elected to Congress, and then
proceed to wrest the Speakership from
"Uncle Joe."

Presto! Disappearance of Cannonism!
William Willets Cocks, whose name
sounds familiar, of Oyster Bay, which
we have heard of before, is getting ready
to clear the track, we are told, by re-
linquishing his seat in the House, and
thus permit the consummation of Theo-
dore Roosevelt's ambition and the salva-
tion of the struggling republic—simul-
taneously.

So note it be!
Calmly appraising these various arrange-
ments for T. R.'s future—and they must
be appreciated calmly, lest they invite
visions of a padded cell—this Cock-Oyster
Bay itinerary to eternal fame and ever-
lasting glory, as thus mapped out, ap-
peals to us as founded in quite as much
common sense as any of the rest of them,
and just as likely to come about. Indeed,
we may say that it impresses us as en-
titled to even a fuller measure of respect,
which isn't much.

Great ovations are in store for Ro-
osevelt. European cities will vie with each
other in doing honor to him. His own
country will welcome him as Grant was
welcomed after his triumphal tour around
the world. We fairly thrill at the thought
of it, and shall surely whoop it up and
make the welkin ring.

And then? Nobody knows what is go-
ing to happen to him then. But a fear
possesses us. Suppose—after he has
referred the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight,
of course—he should go gunning for the
political fools that have developed in his
absence? What a slaughter we should
witness! We shudder to think of it.

Africa would no longer be ace-high as
a game preserve.

Inauguration Day.

Says the Pittsburgh Dispatch:
"Opposition to the change of inauguration
day is said to be based on the belief that it
will increase the profits of Washington hotel
keepers through increased attendance. Yet those who
do not wish to contribute to Washington landlords'
bank accounts have just the same right to stay
away in April as in March."

Thus is an extremely silly and non-
sensical argument against changing the
date of a new President's induction into
office demolished utterly.

It is not, after all, the City of Wash-
ington that suffers in the greatest de-
gree from the all too frequent inclemency
of the weather on March 4. The stran-
gers within our gates pay the heaviest
penalty for the discomforts, the disap-
pointments, and the bitter regrets in-
cident to a freezing, blustery, disagree-
able inauguration day.

Presidents, ambassadors, and the great
and near-great of earth are familiar
enough to Washington eyes. The people
who journey to this city—the Nation's
Capital—are they who are most vir-
tually interested in fair and propitious
weather conditions while we are
welcoming the incoming Executive and
bidding God-speed to the outgoing. It
is not our show particularly—it is the
whole country's show. And it is surely
no more to Washingtonians that the
spectacle be set in a season of smiling
skies and the odor of spring flowers
than it is to those who come from afar
and essay to join us in evidencing our
patriotic fervor and enthusiasm that
once again a sovereign people's mandate
is about to be executed in the installa-
tion of a President.

The citizens of Washington strive, in-
variably, to make inauguration day a
complete success. They subscribe gen-
erously to the preliminary funds neces-
sary—just, of course, as Pittsburgh would,
or Atlanta, or Chicago, or New York.
Their desire is that the felicitous oc-
casion be entirely worthy of its object.
Did last year's pathetic exhibition of
bedraggled decorations, snow-bound
trains, sloppy sidewalks, shivering hu-
manity, and empty sight-seeking stands
along Pennsylvania avenue afford any
person pleasure? We think not. And
yet, if Mr. Taft's inauguration had oc-
curred a little later along—on, say, April
27, 28, or 29—the same crowds would
have been in Washington, and they

would have enjoyed a much happier time;
and, if we must look at it that way,
visitors would have come a great deal
nearer getting their money's worth, too!

If there is any valid objection to chang-
ing inauguration day, Washington is as
open to conviction as any other city,
in similar circumstances, would be, and
ought to be. But members of Congress
who urge as a reason for not changing
it that it would serve only to put a
dollar or so more or less into Wash-
ington's pocket—well, such statesmen do
themselves small credit and Washington
scant justice.

Few College Girls as Brides.

Less than 34 per cent of the alumnae of
Smith College have married, according to
the last quarterly bulletin of the Smith
College Alumnae Association. These re-
cords are the nearest correct of any that
can be obtained. And their accuracy is
not questioned by the college authorities.

These figures confirm the deductions
made some years since by Dr. G. Stanley
Hall, president of Clark University, psy-
chologist and pedagogist. With the aid
of his assistant, Dr. Theodore A. Smith,
himself a Smith graduate, Dr. Hall com-
piled statistics showing that college gra-
duates, both men and women, are annu-
ally showing less inclination toward mar-
riage, while those who do marry are
failing to raise families.

These considerations have led Dr. Hall
to a severe arraignment of the results of
higher education for women, his conten-
tion being that there is serious need of
reform in any system of training which
unfits women for the great vocations of
homemaker and mother or makes them
indifferent to those states as the aim and
mission of woman.

Likewise, Dr. Hall has made interest-
ing studies of the genealogies of the old
New England families. His conclusions,
based upon these studies, are that the
old families are failing to reproduce them-
selves. The president of Clark is con-
sequently among those who do not decay
immigration, but sees in the immigrant
the hope of perpetuity of the race.

A Test of Love.

There comes from a town in Nebraska
a silly tale of matrimony which it is to
be hoped may fall to develop its logical
sequel of disaster and divorce. A belle of
the town had two lovers, and she could
not choose, or thought that she could not
choose, between them. It seems that her
father was prosperous enough to buy a
turkey, which the daughter cooked and
served to eat. After the repast the rivals
grabbed the wish-bone and the one who held
the longer part won a bride. It would seem
to be immaterial which succeeded. He
could not have won a prize, and it is
conversely certain that the bride could
not have been successful in such a love-
less lottery. The staking of so serious an
issue upon so trivial a hazard was an
invitation to bad luck in the sequence, to
unhappiness, perhaps to infidelity, for the
unhappy candidate may logically hold
the bonds of matrimony to be as brittle
as the bone he broke.

The maiden in this instance deserved to
be appraised at her own estimate of her
worth. The right sort of girl will club
that a man fight for her, not with club
and bludgeon and pursuit as in savagery,
nor with sword and lance, as in chivalry,
but with that higher and nobler contest
which makes for character, through the
discipline of self, through training to
realize ambition, through intelligently
directed self-denial. The moral of the
incident is indeed obvious. May the future
experience of this couple not lend it
painful point.

It is not unfriendliness that suggests to
the House Democrats the foolishness of
pulling Republican chestnuts out of the
fire for Republican uses and benefits.
When did the Democrats last hear of
Republicans pulling Democratic chestnuts
out of the fire for Democratic uses and
benefits?

It may become necessary to frame up
a joint committee for the purpose of in-
forming "Uncle Joe" that he is down and
out.

"There is a man in Indiana who has
never seen an electric light," says the
Chicago Post. There probably is not a
man in Indiana who has never seen a
literary light, however.

King Edward's wines are said to be
"the admiration and envy of all Europe."
In fact, his majesty may rightfully
claim, as it were, that his is easily Ex-
hibit A among the six best sellers.

Dr. Cook's books on arctic exploration
have been placed among the works of
fiction in the Boston public library. The
temperature of Cook enthusiasm in this
country may now be said to have fallen
to at least 20 degrees below zero.

Some Gotham thief stole Mr. Franklin
P. Adams' Bible the other day. The
mystery is, how did Mr. Adams learn of
his loss?

A Chicago contemporary discovers that
valentines are to be "as plentiful this
year as ever before, and as cheap." And
yet we believe we could bear with great
fortitude an advance in the price of the
so-called "comics."

"Jacob Rills straddles the Taft-Pinchot
controversy," says the Richmond News
Leader. Let us hope the hyphen is equal
to the emergency.

There is still some doubt, however, that
the pure food laws have forced English
sparrows to cease masquerading as rice
birds.

"A Lindale girl has her heart on the
right side," says the Rome (Ga.) Tribune-
Herald. But is not that the rule among
Georgia girls?

"The price of bacon has advanced 200
per cent in the last ten years," according
to the Chicago Record-Herald. This, at
least, will enable optimists to prove that
there is not as much wax in the average
man as there used to be.

"Montana farmer is raising cobble-
stone," says the New York Herald. A
frantic attempt to discourage the break-
fast food manufacturers, perhaps.

Mr. Oille James may not be acceptable
to some people as an investigator, and
yet he looks like a man who might per-
suade unwilling witnesses to answer
searching questions.

The report that Mr. Roosevelt cherishes
an ambition to be Speaker of the House
of Representatives is important if true.

It is generally believed, we think, how-
ever, that Mr. Roosevelt is game enough
to buck any sort of political proposition.
And that may account for the rumor.

"The editor of the Congressional Record
is a lucky man," says the Columbia State.
Of course. Nobody knows exactly who
he is.

Russia is said to be determined to en-
courage immigration to Siberia. This
probably will send nice little shivers up
and down the spines of the Russian com-
mon people.

"Dr. Cook is said to be in Southern
Spain," says the Rochester Herald. En-
gaged in the castle building business?

A New York man arrested the other
day for reckless driving defended himself
by pleading only that he "was trying to
keep in sight of an automobile ahead."
We are moved to hope, at least, that the
complaint against the driver was not
entered by the automobile owner.

"Our idea of a good husband is one who
would rather listen than eat," observes
the Dallas News. Even at that, however,
his wife is more than likely to think he
merely does not like her biscuits.

While ex-Banker John R. Walsh was on
his way to prison recently—he was in
Kansas City at the moment—an ex-
tremely impertinent young person jumped
in front of him, and attempted to snap-
shot him much against his will and in-
nocence, whereupon young Mr. Walsh, the
prisoner's son, knocked the offensive
young person flat. We do not know
young Mr. Walsh, but we congratulate
him and applaud him, nevertheless.

The Houston Post boasts that a set of
Mr. Roosevelt's literary works does not
budge from the shelves of a local book-
store, notwithstanding the fact that it is
offered for sale at \$2.48. If Mr. Ro-
osevelt ever becomes President again, Mex-
ico probably will be annexed to Mexico,
if the Executive has to call out the army
and navy to make Mexico stand off it.

Lieut. Shackleton says: "The penguin is
one of the most intelligent of birds."
Perhaps that accounts for its selection of
a home so far from the haunts of human
beings.

There are thirty-odd governors in Wash-
ington, but even that the city does not
feel at all overcrowded.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Having a Quiet Time.
From the Baltimore Sun.
Some of our best citizens are wintering
this year at Leavenworth and Atlanta.

A Severe Blow.
From the Omaha Bee.
Another blow to the Taft policies! The price
of golf balls has gone up.

Prof. Moore's Discovery.
From the New York American.
Prof. Willis Moore declares that the west wind
is responsible for the American spirit. And also for
some bad guesses by his Weather Bureau.

A Queer Combination.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
What's in a name? Senator Vice, of Idaho, offers
a bill which aims at reducing the scope of the
view of taking a "bath" too often.

A Plea for Peace.
From the Minneapolis Journal.
We should like to have Congress submit the Bal-
linger-Pinchot case to Copenhagen, and go on about
its business.

What the People Can't Do.
From the Baltimore Sun.
The people, regardless of party divisions, should
refuse from public life every Congressman who gives
his preference to the combinations which control
food supplies.

A Boom for Irrigation.
From the New York American.
Thirty State governors met in Washington. If
each said to the others what the governor of North
Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina
at a certain historic meeting, there would be a
boom in the movement for irrigation.

At Last, Lower Prices.
From the Mason Telegraph.
As another evidence of lower prices under the
Adams-Paine law, it may be mentioned that
last night Dr. Cook said a few days ago
for 2 cents.

Mr. Vanderman's Faults.
From the Dallas News.
Vanderman has a majority in the legislature,
and considerably more than half the outside sympathy
in his aspirations. He could probably be elected
if he would agree to unbind long enough to laugh
at one and to have his hair cut like a plain
citizen's.

SNAP SHOTS.

From the Dallas News.
If the cost of living continues to rise,
indignation will be a sign of affluence.

The kind of woman that is always de-
manding explanations can hardly ever
get them any other way.

The reason a boy is willing to take
medicine is because it proves that he is
too sick to go to school.

There are some who seem to think that
keeping the Ten Commandments entitles
them to hero medals.

About the easiest thing in this world for
the average man to get along without is
a religious instructor.

When a man gets rich enough to feel
that he can afford to be generous, it is
a sign that he is willing to pay for a new
sensation.

It has just about gotten so in this coun-
try that a man doesn't put himself in the
hands of his friends until they have
sterilized them.

The old-fashioned gallant who used to
rise every time his wife entered the room
now has a son who races with the women
for a seat in the street car.

Mrs. Peavish says that she would be
very glad to send Mr. Peavish in search
of Dr. Cook. If she thought he wouldn't
come back till he found him.

Let It Be Plain "Taft."
From the Boston Herald.
An "Alien" writes to a New York com-
temporary, expressing his surprise at the
frequency with which American editorial
writers, as well as men in their clubs and
folds on the street, refer to the President
as "Taft." There doubtless has been a
progressive decline in the deferential lan-
guage used toward the head of the
Republic since the days of Washington.
But the custom is not wholly bad. We
do it often, and with less essential dis-
respect when the Executive happens to be
a man of some dimensions. Britons said
"Gladstone," but they said "Mr. Asquith."
Americans said "President Polk" and
"President Buchanan," but they have
said "Lincoln," "Cleveland," "Roosevelt,"
and now they say "Taft." They said
"Abe Lincoln" as a mark of unusual
affection, and sense of property in him,
just as later they talked about "Teddy."

Letter Writing.

From the Atchison Globe.
The magazines are worrying because
letter writing is becoming a lost art. We
are glad of it. The man or woman who
devotes a great deal of time to writing
social letters is an idler, and, as a rule,
imposes on some person who is indus-
trious.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

POOR MOTHER.

Poor mother doesn't care for brown.
She'd rather dress in blue.
But daughter scares her with a frown
And says it wouldn't do.

When mother looks at bonnets pink,
Then daughter bars the way
And says that mother shouldn't think
Of anything so gay.

And so it is this life of man's
Must run in certain grooves.
She can't get out of them because
Her daughter disapproves.

Not His Fault.

"Ever been locked up?" demanded
counsel.
"I have been," admitted the witness.
"Aha! And what had you been doing
to get yourself locked up?"
"I had been doing jury duty."

Taking No Chances.

"Pretty cautious, is he?"
"Rather. He won't start work on his
contemplated skyscraper until that comet
has passed."

Always Growing.

"Every time I meet that fellow he tells
me a hard-knock tale."
"The same old story?"
"No; he runs it as a serial."

Soon Due.

Gentle spring will soon be bobbin'
On its way.
We may sight an early robin
Any day.

Just So.

"He claims to have reached ninety de-
grees north."
"And he didn't get within 300 miles of
it."
"Well, after all, he only took a little too
much latitude."

The Prospective Purchaser.

"I can't get over my dislike for that
fellow," remarked the real estate man.
"Why not?"
"After I had carried him for five years
on my card index, he went and bought a
house from another agent."

Modern Life.

"What shall I do to amuse the baby?"
"Oh, I don't know. Maybe he would
be interested in the details of our divorce
proceedings. Everybody else is."

CHRISTENING THE CLOCK.

What the Englishman Heard It Cal-
led Rather Surprised Him.
From the New York Sun.
Said the Englishman who had stood
planted in the snow for ten minutes start-
ing at the Metropolitan Tower: "What
do you call it?"

The New Yorker said: "Metropolitan
Tower."
"I mean, what is your pet name for the
clock?"

The New Yorker repeated a few choice
epithets that had been applied to that
midnight rest it had disturbed.

"Oh, I don't mean that, either," said the
Englishman. "Don't you call it Old Ben
or Old Bob, or old something or other
as a mark of affection? No? Well, that
is one phase of American character that
I cannot understand. You seem utterly
lacking in imagination in naming objects
of general interest. Time after time a
tower, a clock, a church, a tomb has been
pointed out labeled with its proper name.
But what is its nickname? I ask, and
always the answer is the same, 'It has
none.' Such indifference is unknown in
our city. Why, if this clock were in Lon-
don it would have been christened with a
term of endearment before it had been up
two days."

Just then the Metropolitan chimed got
busy and a nervous New York man
trudged past.

"There goes that damned clock again,"
he growled.
"Dear me!" said the Englishman.

Sized Up.

Visitor—How's Senator Bump, from
this State?
Citizen—Rotten! A living disgrace to
the Commonwealth. He follows the lead-
ers down there at Washington like a little
lamb.

Visitor—What do you think of the
other one, Senator Lump?
Citizen—Obstinate as a mule. The
crazy mutt insists on blocking every
measure they are trying to put through.

Visitor—How about your Representa-
tive, Gump?
Citizen—Most unstable fellow I ever
saw. Can't tell anything about him.
Sometimes he's on one side, and some-
times on t'other.

A Neat Trick.

Colonel (1910)—So you lost half your
forces in ambush?
Lieutenant—Yes, sir! The enemy mov-
ing up a cannon to look like a moving-
picture machine, and the boys just fought
for a chance to get right in front of it!

Immune.

Farmer Grayneck—S'pose you are
goin' to git the automobile fever, Ezry,
like everybody else?
Farmer Hornbeak—None. I've been
vaccinated in the pocketbook, and it
took.

WHERE LOVE IS.

It is in a maiden's sigh.
As she holds a fond good-bye.
To her soldier lover:
It is in a babe's word,
Sweetest, dearest ever heard.
When he first says "Mother."

It is in a thought of home,
When in distant lands we roam,
When hearing pleasure;
It is in a mother's heart,
When her loved ones from her part.
Seeking fame or treasure.

It is in a boy's first kiss,
Granted him by some sweet miss,
As a simple matter;
It is in that sound so sweet,
Made by little children's feet,
As they patter, patter.

It is in warm clasp of hand,
Wearing little golden band,
And in blooming flowers;
It is in a glance—a look,
Plainly writ as in a book,
Or a word that's spoken.

It is in the warmth of spring,
In the song the birds all sing,
And in blooming flowers;
It is in the gentle breeze,
Wafting from the southern seas,
Welcome April showers.

It is in the laughing eyes,
Deep and blue as heaven's skies;
When Love's torch is lighted;
It is in the smiling face,
Of the bride in silken lace,
When her lover's eyes are plighted.

It is in a touch—a tear,
In a smile of friendly cheer,
For some soul in sorrow;
It is in the darkest hour,
And sustains by unseen power,
Him who'll know to-morrow.

JOHN G. HERNDON.
Washington, D. C., January 22, 1910.



The Harmon Presidential boom struck
the House yesterday, and boomed through
the corridors and around the chamber.
Gov. Harmon was a visitor, and the at-
tention shown him by members of his
party was touching. He was the center
of a group of admiring statesmen, and
if he isn't the coming man, he looked
the part and acted as if he felt it. The
Democratic members of the Ohio dele-
gation were the governor's escort in his
perambulations.

Thoughtlessness and carelessness on
the part of many depositors is another
subject of complaint. The fact that
twenty-five clerks are engaged at the
office at West Kensington in tracing
missing and lost deposit books indicates
that the authorities have ground for
their complaint.

"Can you wonder that the average
cost of each of our transactions is \$5d.,"
said a high official yesterday, "when
you take into account the expense en-
tailed in the upkeep of so large a staff
for what should be so trivial a purpose?"
Savings bank deposits have wandering
clerks, even the very smallest of them.

When a depositor at Little Peddington
lodges a shilling with the local post-
office clerk makes out a form and
sends it by post to the accountant gen-
eral's branch in London. There some
15,000 accounts are kept, representing the
receipts at each of the post-offices in
the country. The totals received every
day at each branch are recorded by the
accountant general's staff, and then each
deposit form, together with the deposit
book, is passed on to us.

"In this building we have a clerical
force of 3,700. In some connection,
either as bookkeeper or correspondent,
each man, woman, boy, and girl of our
staff is kept fully occupied with part of
the many thousand transactions we com-
plete daily. The trouble is that a shil-
ling deposit entails exactly the same
labor as one for £5, and as the post-
office charges us a fixed rate per trans-
action the actual output is also just as
great. Last year the total cost of the
savings bank was £275,678, and that
amount, divided by the number of
transactions, yields the average cost of
5d."

LAUNDERED AIR A NEW FAD.
Hotel Washes All Germs Out of At-
mosphere When Desired.

From the Los Angeles Herald.
Persons who are under the impression
that the Los Angeles atmosphere is the
most pure of all others will have the
surprise of their lives when they hear
the startling intelligence that there is still
room for improvement.

Additional wonderment, speechless in its
character, will be occasioned by the an-
nouncement that this great health-giving
air of the Pacific Riviera, or any other
air, may be washed, brushed up, deodor-
ized, purified, dried, chilled, or heated
according to individual discretion and
served in any first-class hotel room with
no more difficulty than the mere touching
of an electric button.

Accordingly, a number of rooms in the
new Alexandria will be provided with a
clean-air attachment that will permit the
hermetic closing of any apartment and
at the same time furnish dust-free,
smokeless and noiseless atmosphere at
any desired degree. To thoroughly ven-
tilate a room every four minutes without
opening either transom or window—that
is what the Alexandria proposes to do.

In the future Clerk Sibbald will greet
the guests, perhaps, as follows:
"Yourself and wife? Yes, sir, delighted
to have you. What temperature, please?"
"Sixty."

"I mean what degree of temperature do
you desire in your room."
Upon the surprised answer of the guest,
for instance, that he wishes a nice 65-de-
gree atmosphere, the clerk will simply
move an indicator under the room number
and before the guests reach the elevator
their rooms will have the desired climate
conditions. It will be explained to them
that the purest air is that which is cleaned
by chemical processes, made dustless and
sterile, and scientifically conveyed to the
hotel rooms through large pipes that
have their origin on the roof.

In this same manner guests will be